

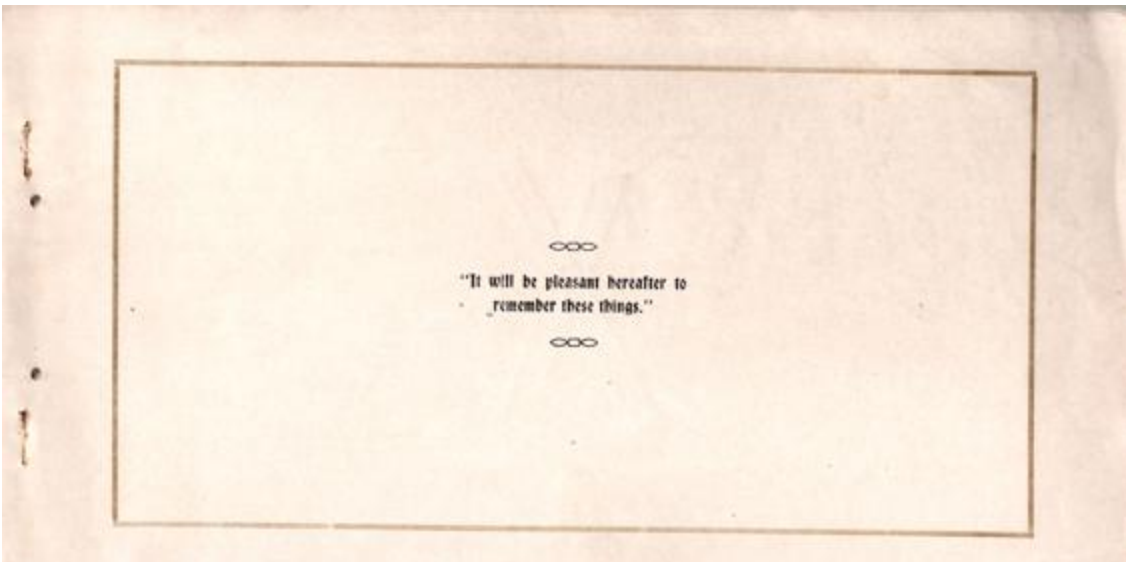
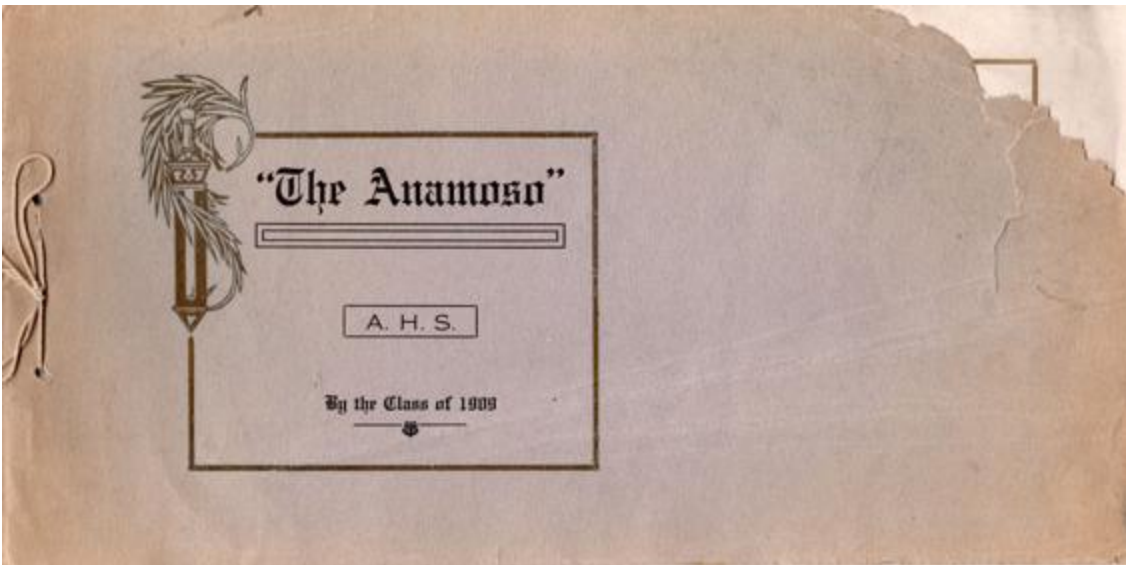


"The Anamoso"

A. H. S.

By the Class of 1909








Dedication

*To our esteemed teacher, Miss Cunningham,
who, by her presence and teachings has won
the love and respect of all, we, the Class of
'09, most affectionately dedicate this volume.*



To Our Friends

In presenting to you this book we have sincerely endeavored to give you an insight into our school life and work as it really is. Our efforts may at times prove ridiculous, but they are innocent of any malice, and if they do show a realistic view our aims have in so measure been achieved. In the name of our beloved H. B. S. we extend greetings, and thank you for your support and co-operation, without which this little effort could not have reached fruition.

Class of '09.

Official Staff:

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF — STANLEY A. STREETER
BUSINESS MANAGER — ROSE A. FINE
ASST. MANAGER — CHAS. FAIRBANKS

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IRVING ELLIS — MARY McBRIDE

John Editors:

HARRY S. HOWARD, '09
JOHN FEAGAN, '08
GRACE EVERLY, '09
WALTER MILLER, '10

Class Historians:

OLIVER COULDS, '08 — CLARA BRENN, '09
MARY PERDUE, '08
BESSIE McBRIDE, '10

Cartoonist:

HARRY S. HOWARD



PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING.

High School

Colors—Light blue and white.
Yells—Rattle Diddle, Biff, Boom, Bah!
Anonymous High School,
Rah, Rah, Rah!
Hoo, Rah, Ray! Hoo, Rah, Ray!
A-S-A-M-O-S-A!

Song—
O Come Water, shrine of knowledge,
Ever do our hearts beat in ardor;
All in kindness brought to the very thought
That we belong to thee.
We're always ready to do our duty
Following service wherever 'tis needed
For the safety, for the glory
Of the High School that we love!

Chorus—
All hail to thee! oh, dearest of all schools,
With glory ever thine,
For well we know it is with zeal,
With pride, with joy we cheer our A. H. S.

II. O, High School thou, sign of victory,
Gives may it be our athletic fields;
Over those of lower hall and of basket ball—
For in all triumph to come,
Let thy pennants wave—O, thou loyal ones,
Encouraging the contending ones,
For maintaining, for sustaining
The record we have won.

III. The school still stand by thee!
Always eager to produce the best,
They have all been taught, and have knowledge sought
In thy most precious hall.
They do not stand when called to stand the best,
But always come out better than all the rest,
All in due to thee, when they glory in,
In every hall of fame.
M. R., '87.



F. C. POPHAM
SUPERINTENDENT



DORA GLADSON
SUPERVISOR IN
MUSIC AND DRAWING



©m* ijutfi g'dnml

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Deal gently with us, ye who read.

Our largest hope is unfulfilled.

The promises still outrun the deed.

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The tower but not the spire we build.

— O. J. *Illusions*.

• The above lines well express our wishes for the readers of this little article.

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high school is not a completed, perfected product, but a promise in the process of fulfillment.

For the past forty-five years teachers and pupils have been com -

ing to the brick school house on the hill overlooking the beautiful Wapsipicon.

41

Each has done his duty and gone his way, but little

traces of his presence still are seen **K** ^ .

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in <>ur high school of to-day.

We believe that “I I the thoughts of men are widened i*V . -

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must of necessity be modified now, some few must be discarded, but others will Fj

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always be found useful in our high school life.

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her thirty-five are boys. 'The course <>I study has undergone many changes in the 1 k

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past, and must in the near future receive further revision in response to the demands JSS

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of this industrial age for a course better suited to the various needs of our complicated

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system of society

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"New occasions teach new duties," and it is safe to say that the present members of the high school, teachers and pupils alike, will gladly co-operate

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with the patrons of the school in keeping pa<

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with that sentiment.

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work of the present year has been as follows :

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Freshman.

Beginning Latin. Composition and Rhetoric. Algebra.

Book-keeping f <■*> • / *

and Commercial Law . In connection with English work, two classics, T

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Tales and Lady of the Lake, receive critical class study.

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S o p h o m o r e.

C'est ir, Composition and Rhetoric. Classics, More reliant of Venice, t

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Bunker Hill Oration, Laws of Ancient Rome, General History, Algebra, one semester; L

Botany, one semester; beginning German, taken by pupils of the English course.

Junior. Cicero, History of English Literature, Classics. Julius Caesar, Idylls of the King; Geometry, U.S. History, one semester; Civics, one semester; German for English-HIGH SCHOOL ASSEMBLY ROOM

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lisli course students.

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S en io r.

V irgil, A im rican L iteratu re, C lassics,. B row ning's Sau l,l ,
E m erso n 's l

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Friendship and H am let; Solid G eom etry, one sem ester;
Physics, Econom ics, one

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sem ester; Physical Geography for English students, review
of G ram m ar and Aritli-V

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A special teacher of music devotes one hour per week to the
cultivation of that a r t.

Sp ellin g is given due atten tion , a passing grade of St) per
cent, being required

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from every pupil during; each year of the course.

11. C .. '89.

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A Few Clippings from a School Paper

The year 1907 will go down in our records as one of our successful school years. Some few changes have taken place during the year. Among one of our few regrets, we must note that Miss Gordon, one of our worthy teachers who has been with us so long, was compelled to resign by the sickness of her mother; and the place so vacated was filled by Miss Hutchinson, who has in this short time won the worthy estimation of all.

"The Freshmen are quite a class, aren't they?" remarked a visitor at the high school one day. "Yes," merrily answered a critical Sophomore, "you'll find most anything you'd like there—big, little, merry or sad." There's one thing you can say for the Freshmen, "they are capable of making lots of noise."

"What are the Juniors having a class-meeting to-night for?" asked one member of that class of another. "Oh, I don't know," remarked the other; "most likely it's to find a new way to pay off old debts."

Our basket ball team have certainly been doing justice to the high school and to their name this year, for they have claimed victory as their own at the close of many a warm contest, and many of the teams of our surrounding towns must bow before ours, knowing that Anatone's name is victory.

As Rosa Pile returned from one of his classes one day he found displayed on his desk the following sign: "This flat has lately been vacated by a gross widower." We all wondered who would provide such a good lay by doing so, but we Juniors suppose that it was done by some of those naughty Sophomores who get a good share of the "dicks."

SOCIAL AND CLUB NEWS.—Miss Christie entertained the Junior Whimsical Circle one evening a short time ago. The topics of the day were brought before the club, "deportment" being especially discussed. No introductions were served.

ADVERTISING COLPINS.—Wanted, an eye specialist to examine the eyes of the members of the Junior class, to see that they are not already affected by looking at bright colors. Such a person will call at once, as the work of these students is very important and they cannot afford to lose "any" time.

If any one would like a first-class driver of good character, habits, happy disposition and who has had sufficient experience, he is asked to call on Mr. Ralph Harrison, Junior class.

On the front page of our paper not long ago, in large, red letters, we found the words, "Terrible Calamity." Going on we read: "This morning at an early hour the victims of our town were attracted by a large red and white flag on the high school flag-pole, and a report was spread to the effect that this was a warning of some contagious disease, but luckily enough before the high school assembled for the morning session some of the more thoughtful students pulled down this awful sign, and, as the beautiful 'turquoise and old gold' was waving in the breeze, a feeling of peace and contentment again overcame the town."

"Does Vincent McInerney study as much as ever?" asked a student who had once been a member of that class. "Oh, yes," put in the other, "I can't say that I have ever yet seen Vincent look into his book. Vincent shows 'hypnotism'."

In the literary columns of our paper we found the following poem, which touched our hearts with sorrow:

1. The teacher, on a winter's morn,
Then gentle persons did adorn
With something very busy like,
Which looked entirely out of sight.
2. Their rate also to doing such,
We spent wisdom they wandered such,
But finally came to this decision,
That there were people had a "vision."
3. That it was pretty new time to show
That to still you here below,
And then, this the saddest part,
How out it help but touch the heart.
4. How the teachers never once suspected
That they would lose their eyes altered,
But such the fate, this saddest lot,
Who never once would see a "dot."
5. They never thought that they could stand
The dazzling colors of this band,
At home, as the school bell-crowd to sound,
They'd come with again, for duty bound.
6. How, if we again would share
The other students what they know,
We think it wise, they'd go along,
And say the chosen class leader out!

E. A. G., '09.

Senior Class

FOUNDED IN 1884.

COLORS—Maroon and cream.

CLASS FLOWER—Jasminum rose.

MOTTO—"Unwed and repined."

VEIL—Careful! careful!

Ep. Exp. Lett.
High School? High School?
2008!

Song—Fare, "The Berry Lark."

Come all ye loyal to duty and honor,
Let's raise a song, let's raise a song,
The glory of the leaders of all classes,
Let all nations, let all nations,
and homage pay to teachers, ever glorious,
Whom we love, whom we love,
The standard of our class, for all nations,
Maroon and cream, maroon and cream.

CHIEFS.

For the seniors, seniors, class of 1908,
Seniors, seniors, our pride, they all enjoy,
Our teachers guide, our scholastic joy,
The standard, best of all you see,
Seniors of '08, dear A. H. S., we'll honor thee,
And to nation and nation we'll ever, always loyal be.



CLASS OF 1908.

Who's Who of the Seniors

*"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts."*

Florence Althen, A. L. S. "The countenance is the index of the mind."
Earl Barker, D. S., A. A. A., B. B. T., Y. T., gleu club. "No one is wise at all times."

Class Barnes, D. S.

"How very sad it is to think our quiet, thoughtful brother,
Should have his head upon one end, his feet upon the other."

Mary Bays, A. L. S. "To know her is to love her." "Has an earnest de-
sire to make a success of all she undertakes, and generally does it."

Nella Belknap, A. L. S. "A poet is born, not made." "I'll drop my
glove to prove John's love; great glory will be mine."

Baby Bodenloffer, A. L. S. "Sometimes wise, but generally otherwise."

Berna Crow, A. L. S., A. A. A., B. B. T. "Dark, but excessively bright."

John Fegan, D. S., gleu club. "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." Oc-
cupation, chewing gum; ambition, to whip Ross Fife.

Alice Fowle, A. L. S. "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Earl Fisher, D. S., A. A. A., B. B. T., Y. T., gleu club. "He who respects
himself is safe from others." Likes "Hummie," but does not "Blanche" with
her.

Catharine Gurn, A. L. S., A. A. A., B. B. T. "Her ready tongue shared
free and fast."

Leontia German, A. L. S. "A good student."

"I live for those who love me,
S. S. S. S. S. S.

And the good that I can do."

Olivia Gould, A. L. S. "Gentle in manner, resolute in deed."

Reg Griffith, D. S., gleu club. "Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life as
love's young dream."

Maylie Griffith, A. L. S. "The mountains are in labor; a ridiculous new
will be brought forth."

Ernest Leggie, A. L. S., A. A. A., B. B. T. "Wears green on St.
Patrick's day."

Vincent McGraw, D. S. "Was once caught studying, but has almost suc-
ceeded in fixing down the disgrace."

Max Robertson, A. L. S. "Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Sula Schommer, A. L. S., A. A. A., B. B. T. "Without offense to
modesty."

Mary Strickland, A. L. S. "Incapable of mischief."

SENIOR DUMMIE.

MAY HE REST IN PEACE.



CLASS OF 1900.

Junior Class

FOUNDED IN 1900.

Colors - Turquoise and old gold.

Class Flowers - Dark red carnation.

Motto - "Watch our smoke."

Yells - Super! Super! Super! Super!

Junior! Junior!

1900!

Bucky, crunk, co-ax, co-ax!

Bucky, crunk, co-ax!

Junior! Junior!

1900!

Snap-Tune, "Cheer up!"

Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

Turquoise and gold!

We are the class that is happy and bold!

And if you ask which class is best,

We will stand the test!

What's What of the Juniors.

"As we journey through life, let us live by the way."

Carl Barnes, D. S. "The quietest fellow in the Junior class."

Helen Bann, A. L. S. "Genius is the infatigable art of taking pains."

Mae Birk, A. L. S. "Of an argumentative turn of mind."

Glada Broad, A. L. S. "Class loyalty is a second nature with her."

Delores Burns, A. L. S.

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't."

And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't."

Nettie Dearborn, A. L. S. "Knows a lot, but can't think of it."

Irene Ellis, A. L. S., associate editor Annual Board. "Star-gazer." "Nearly killed once for a train of thought passing through her mind."

Rolland Ellsore, D. S., A. A. A., B. B. T., T. T. "Truth is GREEN."

Charles Fairbanks, D. S., A. A. A., B. B. T., T. T., assistant business manager Annual Board. "A quiet boy with curly hair." "One who frequently has an 'stare'."

Agnes Faurde, A. L. S. "A poet is born, not made."

Rose Fife, D. S., A. A. A., B. B. T., T. T., glow club, business manager Annual Board. "Star-gazer." "My life is one don't forget grid." "I'd rather go to jail, with no one to go my bail, than spend another week down on the farm."

Alfreda Gorman, A. L. S. "She doth the little kindnesses which most of us leave undone, or despise."

Elsa Hoffman, A. L. S. "As modest and sweet as a violet."

Agnes Holmquist, A. L. S. "So it stands in the original." "Proceed in virtue."

Harry Howard, D. S., A. A. A., B. B. T., T. T., glow club, joke editor, cartoonist Annual Board. "His hair is not red, it's cardinal." "Good student, good jokes, good shot, therefore—a good fellow."

Ralph Huntrent, D. S. "Has a copyright on the smile that won't come off." "He speaks an infinite deal of nothing." "If he knew a good answer to

one-tenth of the foolish questions he asks, he would have the Encyclopedia Britannica tucked off the map."

Lena Johnson. A hard worker, a good student, respected by all. Your friends recognize your social spirit.

Mary McBride, A. L. S., associate editor Annual Board. "Star-gazer."

"From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks, Ten thousand little loves and graces spring."

Bessie Morka, A. L. S. "She's not so much as she looks." "Utility with pleasure."

Jetta Mosher, A. L. S. "Mellon in jeans." "Small, but determined in her way."

Pack Ogles, D. S., D. T., glow club. "Soon he will awake and astonish the world." "Pure gold, yet true as steel."

Leigh Pearson, D. S., glow club.

"All the world's a stage."

And I'm a player on it too, mark that!

Occupation, nobody knows; ambition, nobody knows.

Almira Peet, A. L. S., D. T. "A patronizer of good times." "A friend worth having."

Marguerite Sampson, A. L. S. "Genuine attic wit." "Likes tennis, especially in geometry class."

Bessie Seger, A. L. S. "Her sympathies cover a large range of territory."

"Almaeae makes the heart grow fonder."

Arthur Simpson, D. S. "Though modest, on his unembellished brow nature hath written, 'a gentleman.'"

Stanley Stroeter, D. S., A. A. A., B. B. T., T. T., editor-in-chief Annual Board. "Star-gazer." "For good old-fashioned star-gazing, his equal is not to be found." "Would hurry, but is afraid to start, for fear he could not stop."

Rhoda Thomas, A. L. S. "Quiet and dignified." "The way to have a friend is to be one."

JUNIOR DUMMY.

PEACE BE TO HIS ASHES.



CLASS OF 1906.

Sophomore Class

FOUNDED IN 1906.

"Know that prudent, cautious self-control is wisdom's root."

Grace Byerly,
Cora Chismon,
Gladys Crawford,
Alice Dearborn,
Edward Faurde,
Helen Giltrap,
Maude Hay,
Anna Howe,
Anna Johnston,
Hubert McGuire,
Oscar Miller,
Ray Mills,

Helen Mitchell,
Bonnie Mosher,
Will Parsons,
Florence Peet,
Mary Petrus,
Eleanor Peterson,
Isabelle Sampson,
Florence Sanderson,
Ethel Scroggs,
Leslie Smith,
Mabel Sores,
Lee Van Kirk,

Caroline Walderbeck.

Freshman Class

FOUNDED IN 1881.

Speak, whispering songbirds, and make known
The reason why
To dream and sleep:
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish fantasy?

Nellie Buckner,	Belle Johnson,
Frank Boshell,	Ruby Johnson,
Ruth Bray,	Chloe Leager,
Bessie Baggart,	Ben McBride,
Cash Bost,	Ina Merritt,
Grace Day,	Walter Miller,
Loretta Founds,	Jennie McGovern,
John Founds,	Engene Porter,
Stephen Fuller,	Vera Potter,
Edith Glick,	Edna Parnowson,
Mabel Girman,	Pauline Quigley,
Raymond Gorman,	Mary Robertson,
Wallace Goshole,	Wilbur Rower,
Linda Hayden,	Calista Seaton,
Kelsey Hanna,	Ruth Scruggs,
	Wynema Trump,



CLASS OF 1911

"ROMANCE OF ANAMOSO."

WAS it the night breeze rustling through the willows at the foot of the bluff, or the night call of the whip-poor-will echoing in some far distant glen, that brought to my companion's mind the old, old story of the love and its death of the dark-eyed little Indian maid, who many years ago floated down the very river which glistens, murmuring and whispering sadly to the stony rocks at its side, down below us, and who, giving up her life for her love, left the quaint, old legend which gave the little village, nestling in the circle of the hills back of us, its name?

The subtle spell of the calm night had fallen on us; a tender evening breeze, scented with all the fresh flower odors of spring, blew in from the dark level of the prairie and singing in the clump of poplar saplings near which we rested made a rippling accompaniment to the low, musical voice of my friend as she repeated the old little tale of a love of two souls that on this earth knew only the wigwam and the forest for a home.

The stars shone in the cloudless sky, the river reflected them in tiny twinkles and, with my eyes resting on the towering black tree-tops on the edge of the opposite bluff, I listened to the story of Anamosa, the White Fawn.

"It was years ago, in the earliest days of the settlement of our town, when the Indians were once more dipping into delicate green, and in the woods the pink crab-apple blossomed, and the wood thrush sang his first tinkling, silver-edged notes, that a young trapper, stifled in the thick, smoky atmosphere of the one room of the staging station, left the circle of enigmatising pioneers and settlers, sitting around the stove, exchanging their endless stories, left the sandy barrens clearing with its few huts and cabins and, drawn by the peace and quiet of the night and by the solitude and grandeur of the hills lying in sweeping curves against the

purple sky, waddered along the trail to the river. He was still new enough to the western country to be affected by the beauty of the hills, rivers and woods, and yet had been long enough in the humdrum staging station to be heartily tired of the lazy, loafing life, only occasionally awakened by the arrival of the coach.

So, thankful for the inspiration which had prompted him to take the lonely ramble, the young fellow pushed his way through the undergrowth along the shore. Waiting for the view from the top of the bluff, he began to climb up its face. The little tender vines and twigs, just sprouted, snapped in his grasp, so, keeping a look-out for rattlesnakes, he brushed the moss away from the corners of the rocks and pulled himself up, sailor fashion, hand over hand. Half way up, a large rock jutting out overhead, and counting on this as a resting place he passed a moment before swinging himself up.

The same instant a bounding hind and cattle, mounded on the ledge on which his hand was already placed for the ascent, and as he started back, holding firmly to his former foothold, a wrench fell boomed and screamed close by his ear. With a leap and scramble he reached a smoother rock a little above the big ledge, and taking up a stone, looked down on the level surface of the lower ledge for the rattle. The rock lay bare and motionless; no snake was to be seen; but as he threw down his stone, a soft, merry laugh sounded from above him, and looking up, dark, dancing eyes met his own, and he saw an Indian girl, clad in a soft leather suit, the fringe swaying as she hung on some overhanging bushes on the edge of the bluff, ready to spring to the top and run, only pausing an instant like the deer in the woods to see an intruder. With a very twist and leap, she stood on the top, then throwing up her head she gave the



peculiar call which initiated the heading of the rattlesnake, and leaning over, dropped a piece of solid stone to the rock below, then making clear her simple intention of the fall of the snake as it coiled in the strike.

After attracting the trapper's attention in this odd manner, quick as the wild deer she darted along the edge of the bluff, turned at the head, leaped to him and disappeared from his sight. Again the wild, howling call of the screech owl sounded and echoed back and forth between the bluffs. The astonished trapper gave a low whistle of amazement, but as there was no mistaking the wish of the beckoning hand and, as I said before, he was young and an adventurous person, he passed only a moment to wipe his dripping brow, and then swinging himself upwards again he reached the top of the bluff.

Heeding the call of the owl below in the gully, he followed swiftly down. In a moment the call sounded from the opposite bluffs, and understanding that he must hasten, the trapper dropped into a steady run. Soft leaves brushed his face as he hurried by, and in the hollow of the gully a mist hid all from sight. Speeding on, he followed the wind curl up hill and down until he reached a wide bend of the river, where the hills sloped down to long, low meadows. As he reached the edge of the woods he heard the click of the beaded fringes of his wood spruce gourd, and out of the dark of the trees she ran to him, took his hand and placing a brown finger on his lips, signified that he must be still.

The moon was just rising over the hills back of them, and now, for the first time, the adventurer could see his guide's face. Half walking, half running over the soft, sparkling meadows, he tried to read in her face the meaning of the hurried chase over hill and dale. She kept running a step in advance, her little movements twinkling over the ground, the beaded fringes of her skirt clicking with each step. Her long, black hair streaming behind her, soft and dark as the shadows of the gully, parted from a level brow and showed the perfect oval of her chin, the true Indian curve of her nose and the delicate modeling of her nostrils. Her eyes, wide open, striving to pierce the dark before her, were soft and dark as a week old fox. Her full, rounded lips parted over tiny, white teeth. A true, savage face, perfect in feature, yet wild and natural, with no forced mask which civilization draws over. Now, all the movement was gone from her face. In the quivering nostrils and strained glance ahead, in the drawn face and determined lips, the woodsman read that the chase was no idle of a mischievous Indian girl, but one of deep import, for which he was needed in some way.

Turning a quick bend in the river, a large Indian encampment came into view. Many small fires burned, showing in black masses the wigwams scattered within the circle made by the beaded ponies. At one edge a larger wigwam was

made prominent by the smoldering fire burning in front of it, and by the circle of sadoma, blanketed figures that sat silent around the fire.

No movement was seen in the camp, and only the crackling of the green twigs burning and the bubble and ripple of the river as it turned the bend broke the quiet.

This was only one of the many tribes which, pushed westward by the approach of civilization, wandered along the trail of the waterways until they reached the plains and disappeared altogether.

The young trapper readily understood this, and looking in the situation at a glance, the quiet camp and the circle of silent chiefs, saw that some matter of grave importance rested.

Still leading him by the hand, the girl skirted the camp and reaching the side of the large wigwam passed through the line of picketed ponies, and lifting a flap in the darkness motioned to him to enter. Inside, pine torches flared and spluttered, throwing long shadows over the brick walls and scarlet striped hangings. In the middle of the ropes a pile of furs raised a soft couch for the figures which lay there. Dropping the trapper's hand, the girl with a gasp glided to the couch, stood a moment as if spellbound, there with a wild, heart-breaking cry of anguish and despair fell senseless over the figure on the couch. The camp remained as quiet as before, and the trapper, finding himself entirely forgotten, advanced to the couch.

It's then, thought the trapper, was the object of the coming with a whip right through the woods. The Indian girl, finding that all the tribe had given up hope, had set out for the white settlement as a last effort, and meeting him half way had brought him to her lover's side, only to find that he had passed away while she was gone.

A rustling at the tape entrance caused the trapper to look up, and there he saw an old chief, wrapped in his scarlet blanket, with the black stripes of mourning already painted on his face. He showed no surprise at the presence of the trapper, only motioned to him to follow, and leading him from the wigwam to the edge of the camp, he stopped, gazed solemnly into the face of the trapper, and then, in the guttural tongue of the Sioux, spoke: "My son, many moons have we traveled to reach these, our old hunting grounds. Here in this moon of the building, leaves and dawning trees was my daughter, Anamona, the White Fern, to wed the first chief in the tribe, Buffalo, bravest of all braves. But come be on the crest of the white plague, the fever, the white face brings from the east. Buffalo, in the month of his wedding feast, is dead with the fever. Now, down the river where would

have wing the greens, will float the funeral barge. Woe to us, the sons of the Great Spirit! The white man drives us from the face of the earth. I, Wapishpaw, chief of all the tribes of the Mississippi valley, have said it."

Standing a moment with his hand raised in silent salute to the moon in the west, its beams silvering his rugged, dark, savage face, drawn now with the torture of his sorrow, the old chief gave to the trapper a glimpse of the present life of the mourning Indian.

Only a moment he stood there, then drawing his blanket closer, the old chief pointed over the dark meadows, up to the trail whence he had come, and stepping back watched the trapper until he disappeared in the ghost of the shadow of the bluff.

Quietly and suddenly, the trapper strode up the trail over the hills and down the gully to the place where he had ascended the bluff. He swung his self down from rock to rock, past the out-jutting ledge where the Indian maid had practiced her cleaver run, down, almost to the foot of the bluffs, then reaching a rock, he stood softly over with ease, he rested there before he set back to the settlement.

He fell into a reverie, thinking of the sad, little adventure of the May night, when up the river he heard a strange, chanting sound, and around the curve, down on the silver surface of the stream floated a heavy, black barge, with watch-lights burning on each corner. At each side and in front, slender shadows of canoes glided in regular motion, each with a torch burning in the prow. The red fire threw a gush of glow over the peopled river and struck glancing, wavering shadows from the craggy bluffs, and the black, misty shadows of the gloom seemed like country men ready to leap.

The chanting was led now by a drum, and several others joined in; the chant grew heavier and deeper, throbbing echoes resounded, then a sudden silence. With a crash of drums, the voices of the mourners burst out in a high wail, then, as the floating barge turned at the lower bend, sank to the word, rhythmic chanting.

By some force of attraction the trapper's eyes were drawn to the ledge above, and standing on the very edge of the rock, with her arms held out in mute farewell to her lovers, her hair and river, with her black hair falling like a veil from her shoulders, her figure darkly silhouetted against the sky, stood the maiden, Anamona. Only a second she stood there, for she quickly advanced to the very edge, leaned over the rock, and before the trapper had leaped to his feet, with a hoarse shout, the river had splashed, the silver surface had parted to receive his burden, then smoothed to its perfect mirror.

The breeze rustled in the young leaves, the whip-poor-will flew low in the underbrush and called his mournful plaint, and all was still.

With a laugh in her voice at my solemn face, my friend turned to me and, pointing to the river, finished the tale.

The trapper returned to the station with his story, and there in the river lives the name of the old chief, Wapishpaw. Up stream it is joined by the Buffalo, and back over the hills is our town called Anamona by the citizens who, however, never think, or even care to know, of the Indian maid of long ago.

HARRY WEAVER.

The Alumni.

Our Alumni still stand by us.
Others ready to reclaim the fact.
They have knowledge sought,
And have all been taught.
In the most pleasant way.

—High School Song.

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago Anamona witnessed the first graduation from our high school. A second class achieved similar honors in '72. The third commencement occurred nine years later, while other classes were added at long intervals up to '95, since which date exercises have been held annually.

In 1904, through the efforts of Professor Palmer, an Alumni association was organized. To this meeting greetings were brought by one of the first superintendents, Rev. Lusk, and Mr. Charles Cook was elected the first president. Considerable interest seems to have been aroused in the undertaking. From the class of '71, consisting of eight members, four have joined the association, a like number from '72, with an increasing membership from succeeding classes, until the present enrollment is two hundred and fourteen.

The meeting of the Alumni is held commencement week, having a fair attendance. There is an earnest desire abroad to promote a more enthusiastic tone to the gathering and to bind more closely those separated so widely in years; also to create an active co-operative movement in the interest of the undergraduates of the A. H. S., that the latest affection each feels for his Alma Mater may characterize into substantial support of the school's various activities—scholastic, literary and athletic. The high school pupils highly prize the evidence of interest on the part of the Alumni. And the Alumni do feel an interest—one that neither separation of time nor place cannot lessen. They gladly grant each year, an eager band of boys and girls, and welcome them into the fellowship of a company diversified by many varied talents and opportunities, scattered not only in many parts of the nation, but also of the earth, yet finding one common bond in the love of our A. H. S.

E. A. G., '90.

Junior Roll Call.

As we call the roll of the Junior class,
And shortly down the aisle we pass—
The first member that we meet is Helen Beane,
Who carries five studies, but is very calm;
There is a boy who meets our eyes,
And Carl Rozum looks up in surprise;
There, in a back seat, inclined to shirk,
We know this one's name is May L. Rirk;
In front of her is the one who never takes head,
And we recognize Miss Gladys Reed;
In another seat, as her head she turns,
We see the Miss Delores Burns;
As we look at the next girl who shows her form,
We call this fair maiden Nellie Dearborn;
Then, as another name we call,
Irene Ellis responds, graceful and tall;
But the fellow who pleases Max Green the best
Is Roland Ellison, who can stand any test;
Then, as we go to the back of the room—back there—
We find Charles Fairbanks—called Charles, the fair;
In the next seat, looking rather bored,
We see the girl called Agnes Fowde;
And in front of her, studying geometry for dear life,
We notice the class president, Ross Fife;
Then one meets our eyes, whether blue or brown,
It's Alfrida German, who never wears a frown;
Then we see Elva Hoffman, so very shy,
For she doesn't look up as we pass by;
And so we call the next name soon—
Agnes Holmquist comes into the room;
Then we see one whom no one dares call a coward,
For that is the Honorable Harry Howard;
Alas! there is one who will soon be a groom,
That is Ralph Hamrick, in the back of the room;
Then comes Lena Johnson, with the curly hair,
She's studying civics, with her math and care;

In front of her is one trying to hide her face,
And we're sure it's Mary McRide in this place;
The next one to her is Jessie Moody,
Who boasts as one who never stinks;
Then comes the girl with the winning smile,
And Jetta Mosher comes down the aisle;
Then Purke Ogden, so studious and bright,
Don't worry but what he'll win honors right;
But the next is the one who studies on her nose,
For he is the one whose name is Leigh Pearson;
Then there's Abner Part, who wins the debate,
Anyone can read in her eyes her true fate;
Marguerite Sampson is in the next seat,
And she's always yelling for something to eat;
The next is Bonnie Neper, who never writes notes,
But writes big manuscripts to the one on whom she dotes;
Next comes Arthur Simpson, so staunch and true,
He fights for the colors, old gold and blue;
The last of the boys is Stanley Stinner, Miss
Christie's delight,
For he always says his geometry right;
And Ethel Thomas comes last, but not least,
Who says she won't join in any fun or feast.

A. F., '90.

A Junior's Creed.

I WILL STRIVE TO POSSESS AN INQUIRING MIND, AN HONEST
HEART, A HIGH IDEAL OF LIFE, TO BE CHEERFUL,
AND, ABOVE ALL, TO LIVE AS AR TO COME.
HAND MY OWN SELF-RESPECT.

C. C. F., '90

The Debating Society.



experience the officers afford. For this reason no officers are re-elected. During the first semester of 1906 there were two debates; one between the Alpha and the Debating Society, won by the Alpha; and the other between boys of the classes of '90 and '91, won by '90.
John Fagan was elected third president for the semester, beginning in January, 1907. During his term a debate was held between the classes of '90 and '91, which was won by '90.
Leigh Pearson succeeded John Fagan. Two debates were held outside the

society, but two programs were given by the Debating Society and Alpha.

In December, Earl Fisher was elected president. His term began in January, 1908. One debate was held between the Debating Society and Alpha, won by the Alpha. The Alpha has won two out of three debates with the Debating Society.

At the present time the classes of '90 and '91 are tied for class championship. The school has not as yet held any debates with other schools, but one is scheduled for April 17th, at and with the Marion high school. The subject is, "Resolved: That immigration to this country should be further restricted by the U. S. government."

It is to be a twelve minute debate, with Anaxim on the affirmative, having the opening speech and closing rebuttal.
(Air Under - Change.)

Our Yell—D-E-B-ate A-T-E-are!

We are the fellows who debate!
Hi y! hi y! can't you tell
This is the Debating Society yell?
We hoo! hoo wa! wa hoo! hoo!
The Debating Society can beat them all!

W. E. D., '98.

IN MEMORIAM.

A. H. S. ORCHESTRA.

BORN	
OCTOBER 24, 1901	
DIED	
NOVEMBER 4, 1907	
MEMBERS:	
R. J. HILL	M. E. BARKER
W. L. PEARSON	M. H. PETTING
N. SMITH	H. C. CULTRAP
L. E. VANKIRK	M. GRIFFITH



ALFORD PEET



PARK OGDEN



WILL PARSONS



RAY MILLS

Debate

DEBATE is valuable as a school exercise, because it leads to clear thinking, to direct expression, and tends to develop ease and self-possession before an audience. This work as an organized effort had its beginning under the superintendency of Mr. Palmer, when the Lyceum was organized and such men as Claude Gifford, James Hamley, Ross Matthews and Lynn Ellis occupied the floor and won honor for themselves and their school by their charm and force of argument.

Later, when Mr. Buckley came upon the scene, the Lyceum had been disbanded, but debates were still being held; two in particular called out large audiences and aroused much enthusiasm. We have not been able to obtain the names of all these debaters, but so far as we could learn they were Hoyt Russell, Frank Carr, Earl Boyer, Geo. Fraser, Gladstone Gurley and Zetina Gurley.

In 1905 a debate on the Philippine question drew a crowded house. The debaters were Geo. Fraser, Earl Boyer and Will Hines for the affirmative, Leonard Anderson, Benj. Harrison and Lester Hopkins for the negative.

Since the organization of the Alpha Literary Society and Boys' Debating Society, in 1905, many interesting debates have been held and much good accomplished in the way of public speaking.

H. C., '06.

Alpha Literary Society.

MOETTO—"Living better up to best."

COLORS—Purple and white.

OFFICERS—President, Mary McBride; Vice President, Helen Giltrap; Secretary, Edna Hoffman; Treasurer, Ruth Bray.

THE ALPHA SOCIETY

In 1905 our Alpha was
Just over above the hill,
The field was such a little way,
"You had each place to fill
By the end of the year
Within each student's group
Till a shadow of purple and white
Stood all to grow close
But where it led its bright attained,
A height of honor and glory
Here near the vintage ground
He praised its song and story.

N. B., '06.

IN 1905 the young ladies of the high school fully realized the necessity of some form of rhetorical training. Their desire being greatly encouraged by Miss Cunningham, they organized December 28th, and Miss Florence Gould was chosen first president. A constitution was drawn up and adopted, and the society was named "Alpha," which means "the beginning." Ever since the organization the Alphas have been making rapid progress in the rhetorical field.

The first public program given by the society was one which was highly praised by cultured people, because of the choice of material, both in music and in literature.

Olive Gould was chosen to succeed her sister as president, and it was during her administration that the famous debate occurred between the Boys' Debating Society and the Alpha Literary Society. It is remembered for two reasons: first, because it was an extraordinary affair; and second, because Mabel Welch and Leonard Anderson were contending to see which one could keep the floor the longer. The boys won this time, but it was the only time the Alphas ever suffered defeat.

This aroused in the girls a feeling of "Conquer or Die," and so, in 1907, during the presidency of Blanche Hammett, the Alphas challenged the Debating Society to another debate, and this time the girls were victorious.

Sala Schenck was the next president, in 1908, and the societies again met on the debating field and again the Alphas were the winners.

In reviewing some of the good done by this society, the social phase deserves mention; and while the girls have profited much from the literary training received, they have also had much pleasure and have become better acquainted with each other and more interested in each other, for are they not "Sister Alphas"?

It is impossible for me to estimate the real value of this society to our school, but I can truly say that it has influenced the girls to aim higher and to strive for the better things in life.

R. M. C., '08.

The High School Glee Club.

THE Astoria High School Glee Club began as an experiment in the fall term of 1907, and it has proved a successful one. Under the direction of Miss Dora Gladson, the school music and drawing teacher, the club has risen rapidly. With the exception of one or two members, none had ever had experience in public singing. Too much credit cannot be given to Miss Gladson for her careful and painstaking work with this organization, and to the public as well as to the high school the thanks of the club are extended for their attention and patience with their noise at the beginning of their career.

The members are as follows:

First Tenor—R. A. Fife, '09; S. A. Fuller, '11; J. K. Hanna, '11; J. J. Faurie, '11.

Second Tenor—W. L. Pearson, '09; W. E. Parsons, '10; L. M. Smith, '10; R. J. Miles, '10.

First Bass—E. A. Fisher, '08; A. P. Ogden, '09; H. S. Howard, '09; A. L. Van Klee, '10.

Second Bass—J. R. Fegan, '08; B. H. Griffith, '08; R. R. Ellison, '09; W. E. Barker, '08.

The Tribe of 1908

IN the year of our Lord 1884 there appeared great rejoicing in the hearts of the dwellers in the kingdom of the Anamosa High School, for its that land had journeyed a new tribe, coming from the far-off country of the ninth moon, a mighty tribe, full sixty strong, renowned for deeds of prowess and for the wisdom of their learning, her, so the rumor ran. Like unto them had never mortals been for excellence of virtue and most surprising wisdom.

Joyfully did they welcome them, and lord were all the people in their praise. Unto them did the ruler of that land grant the eastern portion of his kingdom wherein they might dwell, and all the other tribes did rejoice because the Tribe of Issachar had come among them. So in that land did they reside, and as knights and ladies of the Freshman year were they contented, and they did prosper.

[illegible]

New it did come home that they were graced, for their wisdom, knowledge and most comely bearing, higher rank within the kingdom, and they were of a great age, and their wisdom and faith of the Septuaginta year, wherein they were so glad and they did not think that they were so old. And the giant struck the knight, Earl Barker, who did rule with wisdom and judgement, and he was the first of the knights within the realm content with freewill knights for glory with the banner bold, and of that band that held the lists was Sir Earl Barker chosen captain. And he was the first of the knights within the realm, and he was the first of the knights, but all the foreign knights did see before them and they did break the foe and win a mighty fame. The ladies, too, did daintily contend and with the banner bold, and they were the first of the knights within the realm, and they were the first of the knights, and they did all so valiantly strive that there in all the world against them could prevail, so they did with the trophy and honor and great fame.

Then, as they grew in learning and in skill, the sovereignty of the realm did once again advance their station and they were made the knights and ladies of the *Jaume* year with great congratulation and acclamation. But with their joy was sadness intermingled, because from time to time a member from among them had to die, and the death of each was a great sorrow to the others, for they no longer were fully strong as they had been, but they that did remain were still in the same order, born of mind and stout of heart and skilled in all the arts and sciences of the time, so that although they were but twenty strong in number, they did outdo the knights of the *Jaume* in all things, in grace of mind and body.

Thus did they once again select a leader and they were called the *Order of the Dragon*, and they did defend the honor of the realm in combats with the basinet, lance, the knight, Earl Fladew, who did fill his station with a grace and dignity that none

that the noblest of men, the knights, increase their glory through the magnificence which they did tender to a fellow class which soon did journey to a far-off land, the Tribe of Issachar. For of this Issachar it is said that it surpassed all the other tribes for valour, and for the display, and it did honour itself into this land as taken of their hospitality. And the tribe of Issachar came so great and their renown far greatness did. Because so far extended that they did not hold them, much respected, revered and loved, and even the sovereignty of the tribe of Issachar was so great that the tribe of Issachar did the knights and nobles of the Sennar year, that which no honour could be greater, no estate more renowned. Then all the other tribes did pay them homage and tribute for the valour of the tribe of Issachar, and the tribe of Issachar did have there been such valour, great and lowly, strength and skill, that the tribe was intrusted in a single tribe. Then, as a sign of their high station, did the tribe of Issachar have a crown, and they did so greatly honour when in the Freedoms of the tribe of Issachar, and the tribe of Issachar did so greatly honour the estate upon their banner, such as Freedoms. Now, when the other tribes did view the crown, there was a mighty abetting in the air and great excitement in the hearts of the knights, and the tribe of Issachar did so greatly honour the royal knights defend their banner, and though manning hands did do the same, and though the tribe of Issachar were hated and strife prevailed and great did the tribe of Issachar do. The tribe of Issachar held its regal seat so now undisturbed, and surpassed still.

So ever more it dwelt, its name increased,
And ever more its glory hardly waned;
Till some shall and shall, the last conflict o'er,
All hail the glorious "Yule of 1880!"

OLIVE L. SHERRY, '88.

The Turquoise and Old Gold.

AHE! the great and glorious class of 1999! We are, have been and always shall be known as the first and foremost class of the A. H. S. When our Freshmen entered the portals of our illustrious high school, rescued, as it were, from the Lyon's den—I should say room—we were looked upon as rather green and crisp, but we very speedily proved ourselves to be of a different color entirely, though we have never lost our crispness.

The Sonks not only challenged us, but being a great deal more experienced they won the debate.

It now became time for us to give our class party, which we did with great success.

During the Freshmen year we had an enrollment of forty-four, but the Sophomore year closed with thirty-nine.

At our first class meeting of the Sophomore year we elected a new vice-president and secretary, but kept the same president, after deciding that he was the most capable of holding that office of any in the class.

Nothing of great importance happened the first semester—as we were very busy with our various duties—except a “bagruck party” at the country home of Effie Armstrong, and—

⁷ Coming home in the morning grey,
The sunset out already, does it say?"

We had such a good time we determined to have another, and at the beginning of the second semester we had a "hob party" at Stone City. And it was at this party that the mystery of the oysters on Stone Post's red coat appeared.

Our Junior year opened with an enrollment of twenty-eight, and we set diligently to work to master whatever subjects were given to us by our *good and noble* instructors.

Everything seemed almost smooth until we were thrown into the deepest snow by having one of our most brilliant members decide to leave us and go to the "Land of the Dakotas." We immediately beset ourselves and gave her a little farewell party and also a token of our regard. It is needless to say that she appreciated what we did and that she was very grateful for the surprise one generous member of the class made in putting with his colors "*for her sake!*" Her vacant seat seemed us to shed many tears and she, feeling the separation keenly, returned to us from the wild and woody west, amid our heartiest rejoicing.

We first thought to give a play, but gave it up on account of more important business, namely, the composing of this book.

One day the Seers had an inspiration (7), and this is what came of it. We were astonished one morning, upon entering the room, to see them all dressed in their class robes, and, of course, sitting so near to them, the bright and dazzling colors affected our eyes. In order that we might preserve our eyesight, the Justers each invested in a pair of spectacles, which gave us a respite for the time being.

Not to be outdone, the Seniors erected their banner on the flag-pole and then guarded it day and night, serving refreshments at hygienic intervals. But it was destined not to remain there long, as some of our valiant members took it down, with great risks to themselves.

The Seniors did, or tried to do, several other things, all of which we easily surmounted, coming off victors over them with scarcely a scratch.

Then to poor sales upon their wounded feelings, as it were, we, assisted by the stars of 1911, gave a reconciliation party to the Seniors and their allies, the class of 1909. At this gathering nearly all the members of the high school and faculty were present.

This is the history of our class up to the present time, and we are determined, at the end of our high school year, to have the best and most desirable record yet given to any class.

C. M. H., '00.

One of the debaters of our school who had been greatly assisted by his fond parent to prepare his debate, was encountered by this parent after the debate had been delivered and was asked the result. The young gentleman, with face all aglow, slipped his father on the shoulder, and replied, "You're pretty good, Pop, you got third place."

Our Victories.

THERE are other years, and there are other classes who have told you about their achievements. We are the class of 1909. We will let our records speak for themselves. We were united, as a Freshman, welcomed as an Sophomore, are looked up to as Juniors and will be revered as Seniors. Oh, members of the class of 1909, do you remember the battles fought and won by the famous class of 1909, the debate of our Freshman year, the fight of our Junior year?

Oh, members of the class of 1909 and 1908, do you remember the base ball game of our Sophomore year?

What class has been called upon to furnish two debaters for the interscholastic contest? The class of 1909.

Who hold medals from interscholastic athletics and field medals? Members of the class of 1909.

What class can furnish three fair and unbiased judges for an Alpha debate? The class of 1909.

What class can always be counted among the "winners"? The class of 1909. Now, here's a toast to the class of 1909: First in Athletics, first in Oratory, first in Debate, first in Fellowship, and first in the hearts of the Faculty. E.

Junior "Blow Out."

MARCH 16-20, 1909.

I couldst sing the ode songs
I sang so long ago,
Because I have a bad code
By done is stopped to so,
Bunch wilds are blowing dew,
By done is blowing, too,
I couldst sing the ode songs,
As once I used to do,
I couldst sing the ode songs,
Oh! Dab this code. A-a-choo!!

Sophomore Class.

Zip! Boom! Hooptedoo!
Yip! Yap! Hooaboo!
Who? What? Which? When?
Anonymous High School, 1909!

THE class of 1910 is truly "great in great things and elegant in little things." Scholastic ability, oratory, athletics, poetry and music all are ours. We feel that 1910 has been particularly happy in choosing for its president and vice president W. E. Parsons and Ray Mills. When they rise to speak, so great are their oratorical powers that all other classes keep silent and with averted breath listen to the words of wit and wisdom which fall from their lips like pearls of great price.

Helen Mitchell, our class secretary, leads in scholarship. Her head is certainly a fountain of knowledge. Grace Ryerly, who attends to our financial affairs, is also our class poet. Paddy flows freely from her pen, and there is scarcely one person in the high school to whom Grace has not sacrificed one of her poems.

The oratorical abilities of 1910 are unquestioned. A few months after entering the high school we were challenged to a debate. "We came, we saw, we conquered," and no one into this day dares defy our supremacy.

Athletics in 1910 are not confined to the boys alone, as in some of the less fortunate classes. The track team owes a measure of its success to 1910.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the musical talent of this class. The glee club is indebted to us for some of the best songs.

We feel that we have chosen wisely and well in selecting the auditor room as our class flower. Our class colors are dark red and orange, and our banner of dark red satin with orange trimmings is the most beautiful banner that has ever been placed upon the walls of the assembly room.



The Turquoise and Old Gold.

ALL the great and glorious class of 1909! We are, have been and always shall be known as the first and foremost class of the A. H. S. When as Freshmen we entered the portals of our illustrious high school, received, as it were, from the Lion's den - I should say room - we were looked upon as rather green and crisp, but we very speedily proved ourselves to be of a different color entirely, though we have never lost our crispness.

September 14, 1908, we held our first class meeting, electing the various officers, choosing the class flower and colors. After having safely disposed of those matters, we next turned our attention to those about us, and noticing the Sophomores looked rather wise we decided to test them, and accordingly challenged them to debate, which we easily won with high honors, with Martin Nelson, Leigh Parsons and Parks Ogden as our debaters.

The Seniors next challenged us, but being a great deal more experienced they won the debate.

Also some of our boys participated in the great football strike of 1908 - the first strike in the annals of our school.

It now became time for us to give our class party, which we did with great success.

During the Freshman year we had an enrollment of forty-two, but the Sophomores year opened with thirty-nine.

At our first class meeting of the Sophomore year we elected a new vice president and secretary, but kept the same president, after deciding that he was the most capable of holding that office of any in the class.

Nothing of great importance happened the first semester - as we were very busy with our various dates - except a "haystack party" at the country home of Edna Armstrong, and -

"Casting kinks in the morning gown"
One pruned out sleepily, does it pay?

We had such a good time that we determined to have another, and at the beginning of the second semester we had a "bed party" at Susan Cley. And it was at this party that the mystery of the oysters on Nott's Poot's red coat appeared.

As the class was studying botany this semester, many pleasant little trips to the woods, High Bluff and Dutch creek were enjoyed.

Our Junior year opened with an enrollment of twenty-eight, and we set diligently to work to transfer whatever subjects were given to us by our most estimable instructors.

Everything moved along smoothly until we were thrown into the deepest sorrow by having one of our most brilliant members decide to leave us and go to the "Land of the Dakotas." We immediately hastened ourselves and gave her a little farewell party and also a token of our regard. It is needless to say that she appreciated what we did and that she was very grateful for the sacrifice one generous member of the class made in parting with his colors "for her sake!" Her vacant seat caused us to shed many tears and she, feeling the separation keenly, returned to us from the wild and woody west, amid our heartfelt rejoicing.

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The Seniors did, as tried to do, several other things, all of which we easily surmounted, coming off victors over them with scarcely a scratch.

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This is the history of our class up to the present time, and we are determined, at the end of our high school year, to have the best and most desirable record yet given to any class.

G. M. R., '09.

One of the debaters of our school who had been greatly assisted by his final parent to prepare his debate, was reconsidered by this parent after the debate had been delivered and was asked the result. The young gentleman, with face all aglow, slapped his father on the shoulder, and replied, "You're pretty good, Pop, you got third place."

Our Victories.

THERE are other years, and there are other classes who have told you about their achievements. We are the class of 1909. We will let our records speak for themselves. We were named, as on Freshmen, wondrous at as Sophomores, are looked up to as Juniors and will be revered as Seniors. Oh, members of the class of 1909, do you remember the battles fought and won by the famous class of 1909, the debate of our Freshman year; the fight of our Junior year?

Oh, members of the class of 1909 and 1910, do you remember the base ball game of our Sophomore year?

What class has been called upon to furnish two debaters for the interscholastic contest? The class of 1909.

Who told medals from interscholastic athletics and field medals? Members of the class of 1909.

What class can furnish three fair and unbiased judges for an Alpha debate?

The class of 1909.

What class can always be counted among the "winners"? The class of 1909.

Now, here's a toast to the class of 1909: First in Athletics, first in Oratory, first in Debate, first in Fellowship, and first in the hearts of the Faculty. E.

Junior "Blow Out."

MARCH 18-20, 1909.

I could not sing the ode songs
I sang so long ago,
Because I have a bad cold
By now it's stopped up so.
Bunch while we are leaving now,
By now it's blowing, too.
I could not sing the ode songs,
As when I used to do,
I could not sing the ode songs,
Oh! But this code. A-a-choo!!

Sophomore Class.

Zip! Boom! Hooptedoo!
Yip! Yap! Hahahaha!
Who? What? Which? When?
Anonymous High School, 1907

THE class of 1910 is truly "great in great things and elegant in little things." Scholastic ability, oratory, athletics, poetry and music all are ours. We feel that 1910 has been particularly happy in choosing for its president and vice president Will Parsons and Ray Mills. When they rise to speak, so great are their oratorical powers that all other classes keep silent and with abashed breath listen to the words of wit and wisdom which fall from their lips like pearls of great price.

Helen Mitchell, our class secretary, leads in scholarship. Her head is certainly a fountain of knowledge. Grace Fryer, who attends to our financial affairs, is also our class poet. Poetry flows freely from her pen, and there is scarcely one person in the high school to whom Grace has not sacrificed one of her poems.

The oratorical abilities of 1910 are unquestioned. A few months after entering the high school we were challenged to a debate. "We came, we saw, we conquered," and no one into this day dares deny our supremacy.

Athletics in 1910 are not confined to the boys alone, as in some of the less fortunate classes. The track team owes a measure of its success to 1910.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the musical talent of this class. The glee club is indebted to us for some of the best songs.

We feel that we have chosen wisely and well in selecting the *anterior rose* as our class flower. Our class colors are dark red and orange, and our banner of dark red satin with orange trimmings is the most beautiful banner that has ever been placed upon the walls of the assembly room.



The Freshman--Class of 1911.

Boon-a-lacka, boon-a-lacka!
Yip, yip, yip!
Freshmen, Freshmen!
Bow, now, now!
Hooper up, hooper up!
Seven, seven, eleven
High School! High School!
Hill!



PRESIDENT FRESHMAN CLASS

ONE bright morning in September thirty-six "little" boys and girls marched with heads erect into the great assembly room of the Anonymous High School.

Good reason they had for feeling so proud, for were they not the smartest class that had ever entered the high school to begin their Freshman career, and had they not entered with a standard that could not, and cannot be excelled? Yes, indeed! And since the appearance of this class the A. H. S. has become ten fold stronger in athletics, debate, music and, yes, learning too.

We were a happy, industrious and brilliant class and soon found favor in the eyes of all teachers, and we easily picked up the new subjects which other students had found difficult.

After some time our officers were chosen. They are: John Fowles, President; Kelsey Bates, Vice President; Calista Sexton, Treasurer; Ben McFried, Secretary. Then after a great deal of

hesitation our colors were selected--Old Gold and Black finding favor in the eyes of all. Then our class flower, the Yellow Rose was decided upon, as combining in itself two prominent elements of our class, sweetness and beauty.

After months of hard studying, we decided to have a class party. This was held at the country home of Raymond Gierman. Friends were invited and a pleasant time enjoyed. Later the Juniors and Freshmen held a reception for the Senior and Sophomores.

On March 12th our boys answered a challenge of the Sophomore boys to a

basket ball game. Although all of our boys were new at the game, they nevertheless came out victorious. The Sophomores were "old hands" at the game, but had little show with Cash Beane, center; John Fowles, Walter Miller, forwards; Wilbur Super, Frank Bedell, guards. The score resulted 21 to 11 in our favor.

We started out with the determination to be first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of all the A. H. S. So far we have succeeded, and if the end of our high school career is as successful as the beginning we will, without a doubt, be the "star" class of the A. H. S. R. B. McR. '11.

A Few Ideas of Heaven.

- L. J.--A quiet place to study.
- R. F.--A perfect "field" for well trained athletes.
- I. J. C.--A school whose members are perfect in deportment, and well-versed in Westworth's mathematics.
- B. M. S.--A place where chewing gum is "free as air."
- A. P.--Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen.
- J. E.--A masquerade (?)
- A. P., R. H., M. McR., L. P., I. E.--Where there are convenient facilities for making "Punch".
- E. L.--Where St. Patrick's Day comes three to five times a year.
- H. C.--A Paradise of birds.
- L. P.--Girls unlimited.
- M. S. S., A. F.--Full of poetic material.
- R. H.--A place of uninterrupted talk.
- B. E.--Where Lillian and I shall never hear the cruel pangs of separation.
- J. V. M.--Where "Coke" is to be found.

History of Athletics in the Anamosa High School.



VICTORY.

Those who have attended our high school in other years will be pleased to learn of the efforts that have been made to render the assembly room more homelike and attractive.

At our Thanksgiving Day program in 1906 a beginning was made, when Miss Cunningham presented to the high school a framed photograph of St. Gaudin's "Liberty." During the spring of 1907 a picture exhibit was held and our share of the proceeds expended for a landscape. The class of 1908, at the same time, presented to the school "The Spirit of '76." The class of 1910 followed this good example by giving a picture of Alvin Tatum's "Reading Homer."

At their Class Day exercises the class of 1907 left as a memento of their presence a large, tastefully framed copy of Watt's "Sir Galahad." Underneath the picture are the words in burnt wood, done by Miss Gordon, which formed the motto of this knight's life. In the fall of the same year the school received the bequest of the late Mr. E. C. Hall, in the form of a large steel engraving, entitled, "The Signing of the Magna Charta." This is much appreciated and has an honored place in the front of the room.

At the time of our Christmas program the school was presented a beautiful statue, entitled, "Victory." This was the gift of a much loved and much appreciated teacher, Miss Gordon.

Indeed, we cannot have a true school if we neglect the training of the body. Education is not complete unless we teach the body as well as the mind. The old school of pedagogues insisted that education was the studying of the three R's. Now, all this is changed, and modern teachers are beginning to realize and see the use of physical training as well as intellectual instruction.

For the past fifteen years the Anamosa High School has not lacked physical training. It has always been present in some form or other. As a rule, all the sports have been made, chess and spelling. Of course during some years there has been a fall in athletics. Then, again, there has been an increased amount of material to work from. During the years in which there was a fall, or lack of interest, what was the cause? It was not caused by a scarcity of athletes, but because of equipment and a lack of proper support from students, patrons, school board and teachers. During such periods of depression in athletics, some little spark of enthusiasm and loyalty has been kept burning by some patriotic student or teacher, who had an inward desire to see the Anamosa High school rank well in body training as well as in mind training. This little spark has burnt well. Enthusiasm has increased, and to-day we are proud of our past athletic career. It has not been perfect, we admit, but we have a record one school might well be proud of. Our high school has sent out many athletes into colleges and universities and they have won honors.

For many years the most common form of physical training has been base ball and foot ball. With the falling out of foot ball, base ball seems to have gone with it. Would that base ball could be revived, and again the Anamosa High School could show the surrounding schools that she had not forgotten how to play the great national game. Basket ball and track athletics have occupied the attention of the school for the last few years and have kept up our reputation along athletic lines in the state.

Let us look over the history of athletics in the A. H. S., and see what we have accomplished in the last fifteen years. In this brief outline we can only mention

the names of the most prominent athletes on the various teams.

The first athletic team that deserves particular mention is the base ball team composed of nearly all the boys in the class of '95. This team played and won many games. It defeated all rivals of any size in this section of the country. Seeking new laurels, Mr. Palmer took them on a trip and they won new honors abroad. In this team we find the following among the star players: Ramsey, Holbrook, Sigworth, Johnston, Keen, Wilds and Shoush.

In the minds of the alumni, the foot ball team of '95 occupies a prominent place. It had many hard battles, but always came out victorious. In the line-up were such players as Madson, Crocker and Dean. Three better men in the back field at that time could not be found on any other high school team in Iowa. They brought untold glory on themselves and their school.

From '96 to '97 we had many phenomenal foot ball and base ball players. Some of the best ones were Alfred Ramsey, Boyer, Young, Smith, H. Young and J. Young. These fellows were always there when a victory was needed. Their work was great in their line and they put vigor and inspiration into the athletics of the Anamosa High School. Again in the year 1902 many true athletes sprang into prominence. In the class of '02 Boon and Al-

tham were a pair hard to beat in base ball and foot ball. In the fall of 1902 a revolution occurred in athletics. Everything was placed

on a new basis. Things were conducted in a new way; new interest and enthusiasm were aroused and every student resolved to give athletics a boost. They did boost, and the result was one of the best foot ball teams we ever had. The team played together and they worked hard for the many victories that were theirs. In the line-up were usually found such men as the following: Lake, Ramsey, Lowe, Schrockmeyer, Johnson, Durr, Boyer and Simpson.

This same bunch of athletes organized a very good base ball team the following spring. With Virgil as pitcher they won many exciting contests, and lost only a few. They certainly played high school ball to perfection.

In the fall of '94 a foot ball team was organized and met with marked success. Its stars were Fraser, Boyer and Tallon. A short time after this, foot ball was ruled out by the Board of Education. Basket ball and track athletics became popular. The A. H. S. has furnished some very good track men. Some of the best ones have been Fraser, Pearson, Fife, Lowe, Boyer and Stramer.

In basket ball the boys and girls have done and are doing noble work at the present time. Among the boys the names of Fife, Barker, Fairbanks, Fisher and Ellison will long be remembered by the alumni and the student body. They have worked hard and have developed a team equal to many of the city basket ball teams.

Our history has been one we ought to be proud of, but we can do better. There is still room for a vast amount of improvement. Let students, teachers, alumni and the school board work together and boost athletics along. It is not the individual athlete who makes great athletic teams. It is where every one works together that great results are accomplished. Many games have been lost by an Anamosa team simply because they did not have the support of the student body and faculty.

Let every friend of our high school rally to the great cause of athletics. "In union there is strength." If everybody will get together, great results can be accomplished. Let us look for a glorious future for the Anamosa High School in athletics.

In conclusion, we only wish to say, all honor to the boys and girls who have made the athletics of the Anamosa High School what they are to-day; all hail to the teachers and alumni who have worked faithfully along this line. We can only express our feelings farther by giving, Rah! Rah! Rah! Anamosa High School's Athletics!

EDGAR JOHNSON, A. H. S., '02.



FIFE MAKING A HIGH POLE VAULT.

In the fall of 1902 a revolution occurred in athletics. Everything was placed



Girls' Basket Ball.

"God gave us all a nation and a kingdom to control,
The palace of our body and the kingdom of our mind."
—John Wood Jones.

Girls' basket ball was first introduced into the Anamosa High School in 1903. But it was not given much attention until 1905, when through the efforts of Earl Beyer the girls organized and basket ball was taken up in earnest. The Mt. Vernon H. S. challenged the Anamosa H. S. to a game, and the following team was selected to represent the school: Sala Schenover, Lena Fuller, Lottie Crow, Mabel Welch, Jean Hamaker, Reva Crow. Jean Hamaker was chosen for our first captain. The game was a very close and exciting one, the score being 4 to 3 in favor of Anamosa. Those in the two teams again met at Mt. Vernon, and this was probably the fastest game Anamosa has ever played, but the score was again in our favor.

In the spring of 1906 we lost two of our players, Lena Fuller and Jean Hamaker, who graduated. Eunice Loggie and Mary Remley were substituted in their places. Lottie Crow succeeded Jean Hamaker as the next captain. We played two other foreign teams that spring, Wyaning and Maposketa, and Anamosa won in both games.

In the fall of 1906 the basket ball team lost another member, Mabel Welch, who moved away, and Effie Armstrong took her place. The team now was—Eunice Loggie, Sala Schenover, Lottie Crow, Effie Armstrong, Mary Remley and Reva Crow. We had only two games with foreign teams in the fall season of '06, and they were both with Marion. The first one was played on the home grounds and the score was 10 to 5 in our favor; the second at Marion, and Anamosa was defeated (for the first and last time) by a score of 12 to 4.

In the spring of '07 the team lost another of its players, Lottie Crow, who preferred a different name to the one she had in basket ball. Katherine Gavin was chosen as her substitute. Reva Crow was chosen as the next captain.

During the summer the basket ball team met the Steamboat team at Elk and two of the best games of the season took place, Anamosa being the winner in both games. The team that represented Anamosa was strictly high school with one exception, Franc Schenover, who is a graduate of the school.

When school began in September, 1907, the basket ball team was lacking two members, Mary Remley who graduated, and Effie Armstrong who did not return to school. Grace Dyerly and Bonnie Moubert now became the new members, the full team now being: Sala Schenover, Eunice Loggie, Katherine Gavin, Grace Dyerly, Bonnie Moubert, Reva Crow, Substitute, Edith Gluck.

This team has represented the H. S. in the following games and has never been defeated:
Anamosa vs. Mechanicsville, 22-6; 23-13. Anamosa vs. Prairieburg, 44-3.
Anamosa vs. Monticello, 36-6; 29-6.
The H. S. team defeated the local March 6, '08, with a score of 39 to 4.
Most of the present team will be gone next year but we sincerely hope that the remaining ones will keep up the record we have won.
While we are anxious to win and have our school stand among the first in athletics, still the chief object of basket ball is to develop the young girl and make of her a strong, healthy woman.
B. C. '08.

Boys' Basket Ball.

At the opening of the season of 1907-'08 dawned a new era for the A. H. S. in athletics, for we developed one of the best basket ball teams of second-class cities in the state, being defeated by only one second class city, Iowa City, and we feel sure that we could have defeated them Feb. 27th if we had had our proper team, but owing to some irregularities the usual line-up was not permitted. The showing our team has made this year tells plainly how a gymnasium will develop our athletics. Next year we expect a long list of candidates for basket ball. The team loses one man, Earl Barker, Captain for this season, but otherwise will have the same men for candidates next year.

As manager of the basket ball team for this year, I take this space in behalf of the Athletic Association, to thank the citizens of Anamosa for the hearty support of us in our athletics; to Dr. Parsons for his able coaching when his business permitted; and to the honorable mayor and city council we extend our thanks for the use of the city hall and for other favors.

We know no reason why we cannot in the next year develop one of the best teams in the state. The following is the list of players and the schedule played this year:

Center—Ross Fife.
Guards—Earl Barker, Harry Howard, Roland Ellison.
Forwards—Earl Fisher, Chas. Fairbanks.
Substitutes—Will Parsons, Stanley Streeter, Cash Bunn.
At Marion Oct. 15, Anamosa won, 35-11.
At Anamosa, Nov. 1, Anamosa won, 39-26.
At Monticello, Nov. 10, Anamosa won, 19-4.
At Monticello, Nov. 20, Anamosa lost, 17-21.
Maposketa at Anamosa, Dec. 13, Anamosa won, 44-25.
H. S. vs. Anamosa, Dec. 18, H. S. won, 47-25.
At Mechanicsville, 30 games, Feb. 1, Anamosa won, 29-26.
Monticello at Anamosa, Jan. 15, Anamosa won, 43-18.
Iowa City at Anamosa, Feb. 1, Anamosa lost, 39-27.
At Iowa City, Feb. 22, Anamosa lost, 13-27.
Maposketa at Anamosa, Feb. 24, Anamosa won, 32-27.
First Class Cities—
Center Rapids at Anamosa, Dec. 26, Anamosa lost, 14-45.
At Cedar Rapids, Jan. 1, Anamosa lost, 17-15.
B. C., '08.



Track Athletics.

IN the year 1905, as base ball had begun to run out in high schools we decided to go into athletics. Our boys organized a team, elected Earl Boyer captain, and George Frayer, manager, and arranged a schedule. A meet with Macpherson was agreed upon and we defeated them by a score of 26 to 30.

In 1906 Anamosa met in a hotly contested field meet with Springville, they defeating us by 5 points. When the last event, the ball mile relay, came around, which event should decide who the victors would be, our boys went to their posts with the spirit of do or die, but in spite of determination they were defeated by a close margin. May 26 a central meet was held at Marion in which the following teams were entered: Mt. Vernon, Ladson, Marion, Springville and Anamosa. We took out an especially strong team. Medals were offered for first place and prizes for relay and the high school winning the most points. Preliminaries were held in the morning for the hurdles, while Boyer easily won the low hurdles, we failed to place in the high. At 2 o'clock the meet proper started with the 100 yard dash, this event being easily won by Earl Boyer with the time 10 2/3 seconds. Next was the shot put which Will Frayer placed second, while Alderman, of Marion, state champion, won first. Hardly had this event been finished when it started to rain and in consequence the meet was postponed.

The spring of 1907 was successful. In the fall a field meet was held at the Anamosa fair grounds and the following teams entered: Springville, Mechanicsville, Anamosa and Epworth. Anamosa won second place. Following are the records in track athletics in the A. H. S. since the organization of the track team in 1906.

1. 100 yard dash, Clifford Lane, 10 2/3 seconds
2. 200 " " " " " " 23 4/5 "
3. 440 " " " " " " 55 "
4. 1/2 mile run, Will Johnston, 2:28.
5. 1 " " " " " " George Frayer, 6:08.
6. 1 " " " " " " Stevens, Derr, Lane, Boyer, 3:51.
7. 5/8 " " " " " " Lane, Derr, Gavin, Boyer, 1:43.



8. Discus throw, Ross Fife, 34 ft., 6 inches.
9. Pole vault, Ross Fife, 16 ft.
10. High jump, Ross Fife, 5 ft., 3 1/2 inches.
11. Broad jump, Earl Boyer, 21 ft., 8 inches.
12. 220 low hurdles, Earl Boyer, 27 4/5 seconds.
13. 120 high hurdles, W. L. Pearson, 18 1/2 seconds.
14. Shot put, Ralph Simmons, 37 ft., 2 inches.
15. Hammer throw, Stanley Strecher, 118 ft., 7 inches.

Do You Know

About the Scandal of the Great? Ask Eunice Luggie and Vincent McGowen.
 Mary McBride wants breakfast next night?
 That Nona Post spilled oysters over her red coat at a clam party at Stone City?
 Agnes Fawcett "fell" in geometry class last month with a doll, sickening that?
 That Ralph Henshott would make such a "sweet" girl if life were only a masquerade social?
 That in one short hour Bonnie Knicker made 50 leap year proposals, had 30 of them accepted, and that we are wondering when she will start for Utah?
 Stanley Strecher's conscience troubled him after a certain interview with Miss Christie?
 That Miss Cunningham celebrated the "one hundred and one" anniversary of the birth of Henry W. Longfellow on Feb. 27, 1906?
 About Ellen Hoffman's giggle?
 Why Ethel Scoville likes "Honey Boy"? Ask the Juniors.
 About the "Four Gases"?
 About the delightful time the boys had at their moonlight (?) picnic last September?
 About Maymie Griffith's mouse?
 About Wentworth?

That Ross Fife "darts near true to death" one night while star gazing?
 That Gladia Bond has been keeping house, and that her father is getting very thin from the effects of it?
 About the "Merry Wives"? H. I. Ellis.
 That "Mae Hick and Gladia Bond were censured from class for cracking gum"?
 That Ethel Thomas says "It's coming yet, for a" that?
 That John Fagan could give you "somebody else's moon"—when he was only dreaming?
 Why Miss C. always asks us to sing "School Days"?
 Which Little Frodoan Girl Miss Cunningham ment?
 That "The Juniors worked pretty well this last period"?
 Why matrimony is such a sensitive subject to the teachers this year?
 That Leigh Pearson wished to lead the English class in prayer?
 To whom Miss Cunningham gave "The Mouse"?
 That Miss Christie begs the geometry class not to be so giddy?
 Wentworth?
 Why John Fawcett thinks hearts are "rumps"?
 Who said, "Well, that's a power"?
 Miss C. thinks some of the happiest love affairs do not terminate in marriage.
 Who spoke thus? "Draw and explain the hydrostatic pump."
 What device is, Eunice?
 What there was (was) about four Juniors sitting on the stairs?
 That the sleeping fever has attacked certain members of the Junior class?
 Why Chase Ricketts is late to class so often?
 Why Ross Boyer is no lord of lions?
 How to make "Punch"? Ask A. P., M. M., R. H., L. P. or I. E. of the Junior class.
 Why Mary McBride is so very anxious to return to Le Bon, S. D.?





EDITORIAL.



Anyone on visiting the assembly room and class rooms of the high school will note a marked improvement therein over former years.

The first to come to your notice will be the pictures on the walls, over a score of which will be found in the assembly room itself. Some of them have been given by the different classes and others by the teachers.

In the English room is a cabinet well filled with mounted specimens of birds and animals, used in the study of zoology. Most of these specimens have been contributed by the pupils and teachers. However, the following have contributed specimens in recent months: Mr. Dowling, a kingbird's head; Mr. Clifford Niles, about twenty-five mounted butterflies; Mr. Frank Wightman, a kestrel owl; Harry Johnson, a hawk; Miss Blanche Huntress, evening grosbeaks (very rare). The fine piano was earned by the students some time ago when they gave the play entitled "The Poles." The Debating Society, with the able assistance of Mr. Buckley and Mr. Popham, has presented many valuable books of reference to the library.

It is always a source of great pleasure to a school to have anyone show such a firm interest in it as has Miss Emily Gordon. Ever since she has been connected with the school she has been a staunch supporter of all its enterprises. A year and a half ago she became teacher of languages, and filled her place so well that she soon won the love and respect of all, and it was a sorrowful day indeed for the high school when she was forced to resign to take her place by her mother, who had long been ill. For a month the Latin and German classes were taught by substitutes, when the board succeeded in securing Miss Agnes Hutchinson, of Capron, Ill., to fill the vacancy. Miss Hutchinson has proven herself a most efficient teacher and desirable friend. From the first day of her arrival in Anamosa she has steadily gained in her hold upon the hearts of her students and of all others with whom she has in any way been connected.

On looking through the daily papers, many accounts of strikes are found, but the most interesting of all I have read was the Anamosa High School strike, when a score of athletic enthusiasts left school because the Board of Education

passed a ruling that there should be no foot ball in the school. This disturbance occurred in September, 1905, but was not entirely a success, owing to the timidity of so many of the students, who were afraid to strike. After a two weeks' absence, they were allowed by the board to return, and no great difficulty has occurred since. Like everything else, it had its results, among them this one is foreseen: it showed to the people that the boys loved, wanted and needed athletics.

Miss Scroggie, of our city, has proven herself a friend in need, therefore a friend indeed, to us all. Though she is a woman who never allows "her right hand to know what her left hand doeth," we take much pleasure in telling of some of her helpful acts. The silver trophy cup won by the basket ball girls in 1906 was her gift. The spalding official basket ball used by our teams this year was her generous gift, and many times have her free-will offerings made it possible for the boys and girls to meet their bills. Thus, by word and deed, has she shown her interest in us, and to say we appreciate it most heartily is putting it too mildly.

After much discussion it was decided to have no advertising in the Anamosa. In most annuals gotten out by colleges and large schools, many "ads" are inserted, with more or less subsidiary results to all concerned, and other some profit is gained for themselves besides. We, however, are not publishing this volume for the money that is in it, but for two other principal reasons, namely: to gain as much practical experience as possible, and to give to the outside world a general idea of what we are doing and what we can do.

Through the kindness of the Civic Improvement Society many beautiful flower-beds have been placed on the school grounds. Many dollars have been spent for this purpose and now their beauty has become a feature of the city, and it is hoped that the beds will be so improved this year as to be the pride of every citizen of Anamosa.

The members of the Junior class wish to express their sincere appreciation of the many favors received from the skilled hands of Mr. Dwight Cook, photographer. His assistance has helped materially to make this annual a success, and as a slight return for what he has done we gladly assure him of our patronage in the future.

Our Editor-in-Chief.

STANLEY ALBERT STREETER was born May 22, 1891, in Anamosa, Iowa. He moved to Gracile Falls, Minn., at the age of one year and there remained until at the age of five years his parents, considering of his future welfare, returned to the state of Iowa, where they have since resided.

Stanley started to school at the tender age of six years, with that true genius, dear to the hearts of all who have been in her charge, Miss Nellie Gavin (now Mrs. T. C. German) as his first teacher. His school life appears to have been quiet and uneventful until in 1906 he reached the high school, where he has since led an interesting career.

Our respected editor is one of the bright and shining lights in the scholastic world, and it was thus that he gained admittance to the illustrious class of 1906. His instructors, realizing that he was too "big" for them, passed him on to those who were his equals in ability and learning. Though he arrived in the class too late for the famous foot ball strike of 1905, he has proved his loyalty beyond a doubt in the more recent scrap with the class of 1906.

Not only does this young man stand well in his work, but as a member of several organizations, such as the Debating Society, Anamosa Athletic Association, Junior Badminton Ball Team, Track Team, High School Badminton Ball Team, "Star guards," and the official staff of the Junior Annual.

He is also popular with his classmates and friends, as is shown by his attendance at the boys' moonlight picnic held in September, 1905, where such things as thunder storms and all that is attendant upon them do not dampen their spirits, even though they came home looking, as Eustel in a book belonging to S. A. S., "like drowned rats."

Mr. Streeter is also quite a traveler. Two years ago he took an extended tour through Minnesota, Canada, and the Dakotas. He has gone on many trips with the various athletic and R. B. teams, one of which was to Iowa City last February. He spends a part of every summer in the "Parlor City" of Iowa, and during the rest of the year is a frequent visitor at Mr. Vernon, Springfield and other places of interest, to himself.

"Laugh, and the World Laughs With You."

WENTWORTH.

There are many confusing subjects in the study of Physics. For example: Magnetism and electricity. Ezra Crew is absolutely certain that Bismark and Alimony actually repel electrical charges.

English Room—Miss C.: "What is plural of Englishman?"

E. P.:—"Englishmen."

Miss C.:—"Now Oscar, what is the plural of German?"

O. M.:—"Dutchmen."

Miss Cunningham—"Roland, what short word comes from restoration?"

R. E.:—"Oh . . . why . . . a . . . isn't it rest?"

A New Theory—If you are struck down by lightning your body is too highly magnetized. You had better connect with an old battery and let it run out.—F. C. P.

In Latin, also, some queer things happen:

Teacher—"Vincent, translate 'two eyes'."

Vincent—"Not I."

Teacher—"Nash."

A. P.:—"What makes me so homesick?"

Miss C.:—"You talk too much."

Bright Janine to teacher of Geometry—"We were discussing this in German class, but I want your opinion; do you think everyone in the world ought to get married?"

Reply—"That is a very sensitive subject to talk on, especially during leap year. You don't know what we old souls would do if we got a chance."

Miss C.:—"Rose, what is humility?"

R. F.:—"Oh . . . oh . . . oh . . . we'll have the same as humiliation?"

E. P.:—"Ray, how much does a box of air weigh?"

A. P.:—"Gee, kid, I don't know."

Cesar class arrives in Latin room. (Singing is heard in Miss Lyon's room.)

Miss H.:—"We will have to be unusually quiet to-day as we have so much noise about us."

A Small Soph—"Why that's singing, Miss H."

Teacher (in Economics).—"Loretta, are you chewing gum?"
 Loretta.—"Yes, sir."
 "Please throw it in the waste basket."
 Well, I don't know, my mouth is sore and I have to chew gum."
 Alpha "critic" showing some inexperienced judges how to add points in a debate: A, 4, 3-13.
 Miss G. to H. B., who was badly misled on Latin pronouns: "Oh, Helen, you always have trouble with your relatives!"
 "Well, the Juniors, as a whole, worked pretty well this last period."
 We don't hear much lately about "the place where I lived," and "where I came from."
 Teacher: "Vincent, translate." Vincent: "I go." "No; ergo." "So be it."
 Chorus. Helen B. (translating): "It is ridiculous." Miss H.: "Yes! go on, please."
 If a D. H. P. engine will pump 32,000 quarts of water from a well 300 feet deep in every second, why have city water works at all? Teacher of physics.
 Miss C. (to "A" arithmetic): "Now, class, I think you had better learn the 'fact'." If any of you wish to reach school it would be well to know them by heart.
 Sophomore English. "Now, Ethel, you may please fill out this sentence with the correct pronouns: When I was going down the street I met Lillian and—"
 Ethel Strangely (from back seat).—"When I was going down the street I met Lillian and Roland."
 Miss C.:—"Correct."
 "I know geometry is a dry subject."
 "Don't be so gladdy."
 Miss C.:—"Give a general term."
 Freshman.—"Animal."
 "Give a specific term."
 "Dog."
 "If dog were a general term, what would be the specific term of dog?"
 "Dog."
 L. P.:—"Then let us pray."

Miss C.:—"To whom did I give the 'mouse'?"
 Ethel T.:—"It's coming yet."
 "Marguerite, where are you going?"
 M. B.:—"Oh, wherever the terrible Swede goes, I guess."
 "Rosa, Rosa, Rosa Fife! You know better than to sit with a young lady."
 Miss C.:—"What animal would you use as typical of cold?"
 Mae—"Bear."
 The Principal to the Juniors after geometry recitation.—"Well, you act as if you had been on a picnic."
 Junior—"Dadling."
 Senior—"Yes, dadling."
 Junior—"Oh, nothing, darling, only just dadling!"
 Miss H. to M. B. (who did not care to smile Chorus).—"Can't you try it? I don't want you to get the habit, you know."
 It is queer how little Freshman boys get a thrashing from Mr. P. for bringing mice to Miss C., when large Junior and Sophomore girls can wear rats as large as cats to school and receive naught but praise.
 R. F.:—"Miss Ch., you want to admire a person that will whisper in front of your face, instead of waiting until you turn your back around."
 M. M.:—"When did you arrive?"
 M. R.:—"Oh, I came in on the late cow catcher."



Some Characteristic Remarks.

"Now where I came from."
 "Well, that's a power."
 "Now, Westworth gives it —"
 "Gee, kid."
 "I can forgive, but I can't forget."
 "If you can't be good —"
 "Well, I had an idea."
 "O ho!"
 "Gosh darn it, kids."
 "Now let me see."
 "Ready."
 "Oh - a - - - oh - a - - - why - a."
 "Do you still get up at 3 o'clock in the morning?"
 "It's hard to tell."
 "Yes, my love."
 "O gosh! I'm hungry."

The Seniors.

(A Parody.)
 The Senior class think they're the best that ever
 Have been in school, have been in school.
 But the Juniors will not stand for that, no, senior!
 Cause it's the only, senior it's the only.
 They come to school each week all dressed in the colors
 Maroon and cream, maroon and cream.
 They carry de book, water cots all the children
 We're over seas, we're over seas.
 Chorus:
 Seniors, Seniors, class of '09,
 Seniors, Seniors, you show to catch a freight.
 If you succeed in Ore and growth,
 Alpha welcome you shall be,
 But from the looks of things right now
 The school will never know them.
 For the class of '09 is best of all of us head and sea.

1909.

School days! school days!
 Dear old (class days)
 Latin and grammar and English, too,
 Cause now the master of days and do.
 We were the ones that played the best,
 We were the ones that played the best,
 It stands for us to take the title
 Because we're up to date.
 R. A. G., '09.